

THE CHIMES



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

Graduation Issue 1934

Storage
370
CHI
Graduation
Issue
1934

WILLIAM A. BURTON

North Scituate, Mass.

REAL ESTATE

and

INSURANCE

Tel. Scituate 38 and 293

DONOVAN DRUG
CORP.

Cohasset, Mass.

Tel. Cohasset 0080

SOUTH SHORE
DAIRY

Front St., Scituate, Mass.

ROBERT SHEEHAN, Prop.

Tel. Scituate 412

JOHN L. ROTHERY
COMPANY

REAL ESTATE AND
INSURANCE

Scituate Harbor, Mass.

Tel. Scituate 566

"Where Friendly Service Prevails"

Clara N. Mayo

INTERIOR DECORATIONS



Hillside Road

Egypt, Mass.

Telephone Scituate 638



3 1644 00269 8536

OLD OAKEN BUCKET POND ICE COMPANY

W. H. CLAPP, Mgr.

Greenbush, Mass.

Tel. 583-W

DAEDALUS FARM

FRESH EGGS, BROILERS

ROASTERS, FOWL

Hatching Eggs and Baby Chicks

Telephone 510

SCITUATE CENTRE, MASS.

Scituate Co-operative Bank

SCITUATE, MASS.

CHIPMAN'S MARKET

S. S. Pierce Groceries

Meats — Fruits — Vegetables

Free Delivery

North Scituate

Tel. 671

The Seaverns Store

North Scituate

ALL KINDS OF THINGS FOR

ALL KINDS OF
PEOPLE

WE ARE LOCAL
HEADQUARTERS FOR
ALL YOUR NEEDS

Tel. Scituate 260

PRESCRIPTIONS

Films - Kodaks - Cigars - Soda
Cigarettes

NORTH SCITUATE PHARMACY

J. FRANCIS BRESNAHAN

Registered Pharmacist

North Scituate

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC
TEA COMPANY

Opposite North Scituate

Railroad Station

J. A. WARD, Manager

LUTHER LITCHFIELD

North Scituate, Mass.

SATISFACTORY HEATING
AND
PLUMBING

*Frederic T. Bailey
& Co.*

North Scituate 88-W

F. T. BAILEY—88-R

P. S. BAILEY—256

VINCENT'S
BARBER SHOP

FIRST - CLASS
WORKMANSHIP

Special Attention To Ladies
and Children

"Service With A Smile"

Front Street Scituate, Mass.

GET FINE SHOE REPAIRS

DONE AT

BENNIE COLETTA'S
SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Gannett Road North Scituate

CAPE COD FRUIT CO.

FRESH FRUIT AND
VEGETABLES

In Season

FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

Free Delivery To All
Nearby Towns

Front St., Scituate

Tel. 138-J

JULIA M. BURKE

CARDS, STATIONERY
AND NOVELTIES

Daily and Sunday Papers

Scituate Harbor

Burdett Training



BUSINESS COURSES

for Young Men—

Business Administration and Accounting Courses, as preparation for sales, credit, financial, office management and accounting positions. College grade instruction. *Open to High School Graduates.*

for Young Women—

Executive Secretarial, Stenographic Secretarial, and Finishing Courses, as preparation for promising secretarial positions. Individual advancement. *Open to High School Graduates.*

for Both—

General Business, Bookkeeping, Short-hand and Typewriting Courses, as preparation for general business and office positions. *Open to High School Graduates.*

FALL TERM (1934)
BEGINS SEPTEMBER 4

WHETHER secured before or after college, Burdett Training is helpful throughout life. It is an essential part of the equipment of every young person who seeks employment in business. Burdett courses include basic subjects with several distinct opportunities for specialization. Instruction is practical and close attention is paid to individual needs.

Students and graduates from many leading men's and women's colleges attend Burdett College each year. A copy of the 58-page illustrated catalogue, describing Burdett courses, will be sent without obligation to any person interested in business training. Address

• BURDETT COLLEGE •

F. H. BURDETT, President

156 STUART STREET • BOSTON, MASS. • Telephone HANcock 6300

BROWNE
DRUG STORE
COHASSET, MASS.

MARTHA G.
SEAVERN
Registered Pharmacist
SCITUATE MASS.

HOWARD YOUNG
GENERAL
CONTRACTOR
SCITUATE MASS.

DR.
T. B. ALEXANDER
Scituate, Mass.

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

Dr. Carlton N. Morrow

WM. H. HARNEY

PLUMBING AND
HEATING

Front Street Scituate, Mass.
Telephone Connection

WILLIAM F. MITCHELL

REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE

North Scituate Tel. 642-W

TELEPHONE 184-J

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
RAY'S REPAIR SHOP

Clapp Road

North Scituate, Mass.

Give Us a Wreck Anywhere
At Any Time

MILADY'S SHOPPE

LENA CURRAN

Millinery - Dresses - Hosiery
Lingerie - Yard Goods

NEW LINE OF
CHILDREN'S FROCKS

Compliments of

WHITTAKER BROS.

SERVICE STATION

F. J. Story

NORTH SCITUATE
MASS.



GRAIN AND SUPPLY CO.

Telephone Connection



To Miss Elliott

*whose enthusiasm for teaching,
sincere personal interest in her
pupils, and high ideals were
an inspiration to those
who knew her.*



Standing: C. Jenkins, D. Wade, J. Barry, R. Byron, G. Wilder, G. Schuyler, J.
 Bailey, L. Barnes, F. Stanley, L. Abbott, C. Stone, J. Hendrickson, K. Flaherty
 Seated: J. Bresnahan, C. Vollmer, R. Creelman, H. Poland, G. Hall, D. Overland,
 E. Cole.

THE CHIMES

VOL. 10

MAY 1934

No. 1

*Published by the Students of the Scituate High School
Scituate, Massachusetts*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Harriet Poland
Assistant Editors	} Carol Vollmer Rosalie Creelman
Literary Editors	} Doris Overland Elliott Cole
Business Manager	Garrison Hall
Assistant Business Manager	Jeanne Bresnahan
Athletic Editors	} Giertrug Schuyler Francis Stanley
Art Editor	June Hendrickson
Alumni Editor	Charles Jenkins
Dramatic Editor	Lorraine Abbott
Exchange Editors	} Jackson Bailey Jack Barry
Joke Editors	} Regina Byron Chester Stone
Class Editors	{ Louise Barnes Gilman Wilder Kathryn Flaherty Dudley Wade

The Editorial Board wishes to express its sincere appreciation to all those who have contributed so generously to the success of the "Chimes." We thank especially our advertisers, and those pupils who have submitted material which limited space would not allow us to use.

We sincerely hope that you will enjoy this edition of the "Chimes" as much as those of former years.



COMPANIONS

Betty Bartington, '35

I can think of nothing so delightful as spending several hours among books—old, musty, famous books, new, illustrious, and glamorous books. A book store has a certain fascination. Once you walk into it, you become a part of it, carefully lifting the volumes from their shelves, and with a most exciting feeling, looking again into the heart of an old acquaintance.

A book that you really love will hold you spellbound for many long hours. Little do you care for warmth, nor do you notice where you are seated. You are traveling in Paris with the author or crying your heart out with Hugo's Cossette, who has been mistreated; or you are happy and careless with Don Quixote. Other-times you are making the beautiful scenes of Rio de Janeiro a part of your life; or you are on the deck of a four-masted schooner braving a gale, or in the heart of the desert with Lawrence during an Arab attack.

Never do I see a book without thinking of its struggle for existence. Long ago the Babylonians wrote their accounts of events upon pressed clay with sharp instruments which were difficult to handle. Later they used harder substances, such as wood, ivory, or lead, until the Egyptians found that by crudely placing papyrus reeds together they could have a smooth sheet on which they could write and draw. The monks of the monasteries in heat or severe cold meticulously copied with a quill the words of the authors. Very often at the end of a book the monks would write a colophon such as this for the reader: "I pray you good readers who may use this book, do not forget him who copied it (which was brought from a foreign country) endured cold, and was obliged to finish in the night

what he could not write by day." Another copyist added this: "He who does not know how to write, imagines it is no labor; but, although only three fingers hold the pen, the whole body grows weary." Theirs was hard work, but the monks rendered the greatest service to mankind.

Should we not hold almost reverence toward these treasures which are our "Open Sesames?" These companions are able to take us to the remotest lands, to let us speak with the greatest of men and women. "There is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it," Ruskin tells us. Books inform us about the trials of the past, and the developments of today; they show us the beauties and misfortunes of life; but best of all, they stimulate our minds and let us use our almost dormant imaginations.

Up in the attic, a blustering March wind blowing through the invisible cracks and sometimes sending out into the room spirals of smoke from the cheerful Franklin fireplace in front of which I am curled up on an old springless sofa, I am living again with Lucy Manette of the "Tale of Two Cities," and am traveling on a dirty boat to meet a broken man—my father—whom I do not know. Again I am seeing the horrible guillotine take its penalty and am in the dirty prison with Sidney Carton as he rescues Charles Darnay—I am far away, entirely lost.

ON THE RISE AND DECLINE OF POPULAR SONGS

Ruth Spear, '34

It is interesting to follow the rise and decline of a popular song. When a song is first written, especially if it is a catchy, appealing jingle, all the orchestras play it, every instrument wails it, crooners murmur it, male and female groups harmonize it (usually torturing it,) and everywhere you can hear it hummed or sung. In street cars, on the street, in shops, in theatres,—everywhere this song penetrates. The stage show or motion picture that the song originated from is patronized because of this infectious tune. Music stores get many calls for the song and the composer makes a great fortune because of his inspiration. In dance halls it is played four or five times in one evening by popular request, or if you wish, demand. People work to it, dance to it, ride to it, and play to it. It is not unusual to hear the piece on every radio program during the day. Sometimes it doesn't sound the same as the composer intended it to: it

may be so distorted with "boo-ba-boos," "hot chas," etc., that it is barely recognizable.

That is the picture of a popular song during its day. But—after two or three months it is heard only occasionally, if at all. The music stands under three inches of dust on the piano and is forgotten.

How can you account for the sudden decline of a song that was so tremendously popular in its day? Perhaps the old songs have to make way for the new ones that are constantly being written. The new one is perhaps smoother to dance to. Possibly the restlessness of this generation accounts for their changing favor. People are always turning toward something new. More plausibly, after hearing a song tortured by many would-be harmonizers, people get so sick of it that they turn the radio off at its announcement.

But how do you account for the fact that songs like "The Rosary," "Home Sweet Home," "The Bells of Saint Mary," and many others similar to these are treasured and sung for years after their introduction? A comparison of the nature of the songs just mentioned and that of the briefly popular songs may result in an understanding. The beauty of the old songs is not ruined by many playings, while the currently popular, changing songs of today satisfy the jazz-loving youth only for a brief while.

NIGHT

Harriet Poland, '34

The night silently steals o'er the land;
The moon in her stateliness sweeps through the sky;
The stars gleam aloft in resplendent array,
I love the night.

The night is clear, cool, sparkling;
Still breezes are wafted through the whispering trees;
Silvery moonbeams bedeck the world in shimmering loveliness,
I love the night.

Mr. Stewart: "Did you take a shower?"

Quinn: "No, sir, but if it's missing, I'll help you look for it."

Peter: "I met the laziest man in the world today."

Herbert: "How does it feel to be ex-champion?"

WAR

Rosalie Creelman, '35

"War," the small, three letter word that makes thousands tremble, and strikes fear into hearts of millions! The older people shudder when they talk of it, and smile, with a hint of sadness, at the small children laughing and playing their version of war, in which the kiddies lead their brave tin soldiers or playmates to a victorious finish, with much noise but no bloodshed. War, as older ones know it, is a horrible, bloody, devastating, cruel "thing" that is completely destructive. The great World War is, of course, remembered most vividly.

Think of the towns demolished, the lives carelessly mangled and destroyed; young men fighting, giving their lives unselfishly for their country's cause; battlefields, red with blood, bombs bursting, shells flying, bullets whistling, and always the falling shapes and the pitiful groans of the dying; the unwounded still pushing onward to their own death or victory.

The ones at home wait, breathlessly, for the latest news—news that is shrieked from the street corners; casualty lists that are—oh, so long; the sorrow, suffering, and anxiety brought about by this heartless cause. Why do the nations crave war? Is it a greedy desire for wealth and fame? The brute nature in men that cannot be overcome? Are they seeking adventure, hoping to find it in war? The last war was not fought for revenge; it was started so that one nation might become extremely powerful. A group of bloodthirsty leaders urged on a crowd of hardworking people, and after a while the war grew; nations joined forces; and just as a blotter soaks up ink, men from everywhere were drawn toward the fierce conflict.

After that nightmare, appeared crosses row upon row, disbanded families, and great debts to pay. Today all are still working to erase the blood-stains from the books of their nation. Yet there comes again the sinister shadow of men marching, guns firing, dead and wounded littering fields once fair and sunny.

The League of Nations and the numerous peace conferences have not been able to stop the growing hate between nations. Nations have agreed to disagree, and still hope to crush the pride and beauty of some opposing country.

The thoughts of men ought not to be burdened with destructive ideas. War brings nothing but desolation. Let us work for "construction;" build up our nation; forget war!

VIKING ROMANCE

Doris Overland, '34

The day was bright and clear when Leif Ericsson and his broad-shouldered, blue-eyed crew set out for unknown lands. The ship looked ever so sturdy, rocking gently on the waters of the Germanic Sea. The little band of anxious wives, mothers, and awe-struck children were sharply defined in the sun light as they stood on the rocky shores of Scandinavia. With worried looks old women were pressing bundles of food and clothes into the strong arms of their laughing sons.

Old Solvieg closed trembling fingers around her Arne's large fist.

"Remember, Arne," she cried, "I have Olaf no longer. I am an old, old woman, and it is not good for old, old women to live alone."

"Oh, Mother!" laughed Arne. "You have Greta, and no woman has a finer daughter."

There was a strange, fierce flash in old Solvieg's faded eyes.

"They are all gone but you!" she cried. "I watched them go one by one. Great Thor smote the waters with his fist, and the waves swallowed them up; but you are mine, and nothing can take you away—not even great Thor!"

Blonde Astrid was weeping on her husband's shoulder.

"You could stay home, Eric," she murmured brokenly. "It is time the crops were planted. It is hard work for a woman—planting."

Indeed she seemed unequal to such a task. Tall and stately as she was, she looked slimmer than most Scandinavian women, and she was pale, beautiful, and starry-eyed; she was a prophecy of the glamorous, silken-clad, soft-voiced woman of tomorrow. Eric's flashing eyes grew mellow.

"Tend the farm?" he asked gently. "No, my beautiful one. Bend one's back over barren earth in the hot sun and coax meager crops to grow? Ah, no! Raise verdure from yon rocks? I am a man, dear wife, not a god!"

"But the earth yields to patient labor," protested Astrid.

"You, my dear one, come from the land of the east. There a man may stick a root in the ground, and it will grow. That is a land kind to domesticity, but my country gives birth to adventurers. I must away, for this dead horizon irks me!"

"But am I, your wife, worthy of no consideration?"

"Keep the fires warm and bright, for a wanderer homeward bound is cold and weary."

With this he departed. Soon the Viking ship was sailing smooth-

ly toward the sky, and the little band on shore looked desolate.

"Must he always go away like this," cried Astrid, "away so far—I know not where? What does he do in those other worlds of his?"

"That is what the women of the North must bear," said old Solvieg. "When you become old and see your sons going one by one, it will be harder, but it is always for us to wait and wait and wait,—” and her voice trailed off drearily to silence.

There were months and months of sailing on a sea of many moods. Sometimes Thor, god of thunder, split the heavens open above, and the jetty water rose like mountains in the path of the ship. Sometimes the placid moon sprinkled silver on the sea, and the velvet sky was jewelled with stars. Sometimes the sky was pale and clear, and the sun flung handfuls of diamonds on the gently undulating waters.

The men of the North were silent men, and they felt each other's companionship in silence. When they spoke, they spoke only what was necessary, or in more congenial moods they revealed fragments of their thoughts and dreams—but merely fragments. Therefore the only voices were the voices of the wind and waves; and were the ship destined to be conquered by the elements, the only shrieks and groans would be the lustful shrieks of the hysterical wind and the satisfied groans of the hungry waves.

Finally on one clear day the dim purple line of land could be seen at the horizon.

"Leif," cried Arne at the bow of the ship, "see—yonder! 'Tis your father's land—Greenland; is it not?"

Leif Ericsson brought his great brows down.

"No," he replied. "'Tis not. I noted by the stars last night that we were away off our course. This is some strange, unknown place."

"Shall we land there?" shouted Eric from the stern.

"Yes, most assuredly we shall land there," returned Leif over his massive shoulder. "It is enticing adventure thrown into our very laps, so to speak."

Having landed, the little band stood on the shining, sandy beach and surveyed the green hills that stretched out toward the west. It was indeed a strange land, an unpeopled land, it seemed.

"Forward, men!" shouted their leader. "Let us press on!"

They pressed on eagerly, curiously. Soon they lost view of the ocean. Onward they went over dewy hills on that fresh summer morning. They tasted of the wild grapes hanging in luscious dark bunches from trailing vines. They tasted of the wild cherries that had reddened the ground in a verdant grove. They drank from

sparkling streams that gushed up out of the earth. This was a fruitful land, yielding sweet nectar, delicious foods. This was Valhalla! Surely they had died! They must have perished in that dark, turbulent sea!

Finally they sat down to rest on a grassy knoll overlooking a deep pine forest, but they had not rested long before they were surrounded by strange men, mysterious, red-skinned men with hair as black as a stormy night sky. The Northmen jumped up as one creature and reached for their knives with strong fingers.

"Who are you?" demanded the intrepid Lief. "What race are you? Are you men?"

Arne felt dark arms encircle him. With a shout of horror he jumped back and freed himself. A fierce battle ensued. Both the Northmen and the Redmen fought, driven by a terrible fear of their mysterious foe, and eventually the Northmen were the victors, though bruised and battered victors.

Bearing their wounded and dying on their shoulders, they returned to the shore. Exhausted they lay down on the warm sand. With his blue eyes closed, Arne lay a little apart from the rest, lay like a great tree felled in the forest, lay a picture of ruined strength, of spent vigor. The vision of old Solvig passed before him, old Solvig, weeping, lonely, waiting, hoping.

"Take care of her, Leif—Eric—somebody! Take care of her! It is not good for old, old women to be alone!"

Eric raised his head wearily. At the sight of Arne he rose and rushed toward him. Leif followed.

"Arne! Man, you are hurt!" shouted Eric. "Why didn't you cry out? It was that red devil!"

Leif slowly shook his head over Arne's still form.

"Only a few moments and the angels will be bearing him upward," he murmured.

At this moment a red-skinned maiden came forward. She was slim and light-footed, and wore a leather gown worked in bright beads. There was dreadful fear in her black eyes, but the lovely mouth was firm. She had observed the battle from the forest. She had seen the strange, pale, strong warrior leap with agility among the flashing knives and twisting bodies; she had seen him spring to the defense of his comrade with the glorious daring of youth, suddenly writhe in pain, and stumble silently toward the shore after the others. Gathering some herbs, she had followed them. A pui-sating fear had seized her heart, but she had kept on. Now the sight of him lying so quiet gave her courage. She waved the others away, and to their amazement she began treating his wounds.

For many months the Northmen stayed in this strange land. There were frequent battles with the hostile Redmen. Now the green of the trees was sprinkled with yellow, and the nights were cold. Arne was almost well. Every day Silver Star, the red-skinned maiden, came to him. Her mysterious, dark beauty intrigued him, and although he did not understand her words, he could read her every expression.

Finally the Northmen prepared to return home. Arne, slimmer and a bit frail, moved languidly amidst the preparations.

"Come, Arne!" cried Eric jovially. "Think of the light in old Solvieg's eyes!"

"No," replied Arne slowly. "I think rather of the beautiful, dark one who saved me from death, and I wonder why she did so."

Not far away Silver Star was pleading with her father, a mighty hunter.

"Father, I cannot wed Bear Man. He is a powerful hunter and a good brave, but the pale one has my heart."

With that she fled through the forest toward the shore. She found Arne among the departing Vikings. She pressed his hand, and her eyes were luminous. It was as if words were spoken.

"Among you there is he who marries!" cried Arne to the little band. "Come, marry us!"

"But, Arne," exclaimed Eric, "you know not what you do! She is dark; her hair is like night; her eyes—!"

"Beautiful, Eric, beautiful!" laughed Arne.

There on the shore they were married in the bright, clear sun-light of autumn. Then they embarked for home, and Silver Star went gladly with Arne, for she could not foresee the time when she would be waiting and waiting and waiting with the women of the North.

THE STREAM

Robert Chessia, '37

The silvery waters of the stream
Bring back to life some happy dream;
They seem to give a thought to me
As on they journey to the sea.

Away they flow o'er rock and field
A song of happiness they yield,
And many a heart of both girl and boy
Is filled to the brim with contentment and joy.

IT'S SPRING

Harriet Poland, '34

A cool breeze is blowing through my hair. It brings with it a fragrance suggestive of awakening flowers and plants. The trees above me rustle and seem to whisper tales to each other. Soft billowy clouds move slowly across the azure heavens. The clothes on the line sway back and forth gently with each breath of wind.

The glow of the sun sheds a delicious warmth over the earth. I marvel at all this, for truly, was it not only yesterday that cruel biting winds were blowing, that blinding snow storms raged, and that we sat shivering by our firesides?

Just above me a robin proclaims his joyous song; downy chickadees flit here and there. In the distance I hear the flicker calling loudly and the woodpecker hammering for his food. From the pond across the street comes the peeping of the frogs—to me, a most agreeable sound. The hens roam idly about, seeming to enjoy their newly-acquired freedom. Sir Pomposity, the rooster, takes a mighty whiff of the air, flaps his wings with great gusto and announces to all the world that he is lord and master of his domain. The mother hen clucks and the baby chicks come running at her call. From a neighboring yard I hear the pounding of hammers and the humming of saws. The voices of children at play sound from a nearby field.

A cool breeze is blowing—the trees above me are rustling—soft clouds are moving across the sky—the birds are singing—all nature is stirring. Why certainly! It's spring in my back yard!

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE AIRPLANE

Dudley Wade, '37

One of the first persons to become interested in aviation was Leonardo da Vinci. He was the first real student of flight, and his sketches show many principles which are in use today.

It was found at an early date that propellers or devices which bore through the air were necessary for propulsion. At first the efforts of man were toward the imitation of bird flight, that of flapping wings, but this was later found to be impractical. John Stringfellow was the first man to make a successful model of an airplane. His model flew about forty yards.

Langely was one of the first Americans to develop successful airplanes. He designed steam-driven models, one of which flew for half a mile. He constructed two full-size airplanes, but they met with

disaster on their trial flights, and were wrecked. At the same time Maxim was conducting experiments in England. His airplane was of large proportions, and demonstrated a great amount of lifting power. The work of these two men was a great help to others who achieved success later.

Otto Lilienthal, a German, developed a highly successful type of glider, and made several thousand flights. Chanute, an American, also made many glider flights, and contributed much information about the problem of stability in flight.

The Wright brothers studied the experiments of other famous pioneers in aviation, and incorporating the ideas of these men and their own, they constructed a kite-glider in 1900 which was quite successful. After this they constructed a larger glider in which one had to lie flat on the frame to operate it, but it was not very successful. Following this they made several other gliders, attaining a fair degree of success. Then they constructed a powered plane which made the first successful power-driven flight by man. In the years following this first great success they developed their planes until finally they had some of the first really efficient airplanes.

SCITUATE

Dorothy Studley, '34

Of her historic places
Scituate is proud to boast,
And since history began
Has been a perfect host.

The lighthouse is outstanding,
As historic places are;
It was the ancient landing
Of the sailors from afar.

The Lawson tower stands proudly
And is seen for miles away;
We can hear its bells ring loudly
As it marks the time of day.

A lighthouse flashing 1-4-3
Is Minot's, tall and handsome,
It stands among the rest at sea
And guards the mighty seamen.

PEDDLERS

Jane Pitkin, '35

On July Fourth, 1931, my mother, brother and I disembarked from the S. S. Leviathan at Plymouth, England, where after a few days' stay we took a bus for Barnstable. Here we bought three nice, shiny bicycles from an old man called Mr. Beer, who strangely enough lived on Beer Street. He took the greatest amount of time and care to see that the bikes were properly adjusted, moving that seat up a little and putting this bar a "mite" back.

Equipped with our shiny iron steeds, we set out to conquer new worlds (to us any way). Our route lay through the Lorna Doone Country and along the Severn River to Wells, an old walled town; then across the river at Bristol through a corner of hilly Wales beside the River Wye to Sudbury and Stratford-upon-Avon, where we saw five or six Shakespearian plays in the ultra-modernistic theatre that is such a strange contrast to the quaint half-timbered buildings of Shakespeare's time. From Stratford we went to Oxford, London, finally arriving in Paris.

For clothes we each had a pair of shorts, one moldy, mildewy dress or suit, and a rather leaky raincoat. These we put in a pack which was strapped to the back of the bicycles. If you ever feel depressed because of lack of clothes, try wearing such a wardrobe for a month.

At night we stayed at some quaint old inn or farmhouse or even at a pub house, where far into the night we could hear the men arguing over their ale. Once we slept in an ancient gatehouse over the street, to which we had to mount an old, winding, stone staircase. From this room they used to lower the portcullis (or iron gate) to keep the enemy out. My brother said that he saw the ghosts of the men who used to work it.

For luncheon we sometimes carried picnic lunches or we stopped at some inn. Once we sat in a field adjacent to one where a regiment of soldiers were trying to hit a red balloon drawn by two airplanes, with anti-air-craft guns. First we could hear the officers ordering the men, then a tremendous bang, and about two seconds later a faint report with a puff of smoke near the balloon. I guess they were rookies because they didn't hit that balloon once.

Sometimes when we saw the gray walls of an old castle perched high above us on a jagged rock, we would take time out to explore it. The keeper would probably tell us that one of William the Conqueror's nobles had built it and that the old "keep" went back to Saxon times. Standing among the ruins of the huge banquet hall, we

couldn't help thinking of the royal feasts once held there or of the men who had spent their lives far below the surface of the earth in those dirty, dark dungeons.

Three weeks to a month of this sort of thing is enough, and we were glad to sell our bikes in Oxford. The transaction brought us such a good price that we celebrated by punting on the Thames at night, although not very successfully for we managed to bump into a couple of other punters, much to their disgust.

If you want to see England or any other country, this is my advice: Stay away from the big cities and American tourist centers, buy yourself a bike and a pair of shorts, and go to it!

THE RUNAWAY

Grace Reynolds, '37

The sun blazed down fiercely upon the dusty highway that wound up and down through lofty crags and gloomy defiles of the northern Pyrenees. Along this road, two figures, small against the towering precipices, made their slow way. One was that of a typical peasant of Southern France, brawny and tall, with a sinister, hard look about him. The other, though dressed in the rough garments of a peasant boy, carried himself in a soldierly, erect way, and with his long, tapering hands and finely-molded head, presented a striking contrast to his rough companion. The older man was speaking, scornfully.

"What, tired already, René? After all these years on my farm, one would imagine thou wouldst have lost thy high-born ways—they are not suited to a poor peasant boy. Thou'rt almost a man, now; we must have no more of this foolish posing."

"Thou hast no right to talk to me like that!" retorted the boy, angrily.

"And who has a better right? Am I not thy father?"

"Well do I know thou art not! Do not think that I have lost the memory of conversations overheard when I was a child. I often heard thee talking about one who was my mother, and other mysterious things. Thou wouldst have me believe that I dreamt it, but I did not. I will find my mother some day. But see that immense hill we must climb! I will go not one step farther without rest. Go on and leave me, if thou wilt."

The peasant trudged on without a word, and René threw himself down on the cool grass by the road. Languidly he watched the sturdy figure of Jacques press up the steep hill, till, at the top, he saw him stop and, shading his eyes with his hand, stare off into the

distance. His curiosity aroused both by the attitude of Jacques and by a queer rumble which had reached his ears, he sprang up and hastened up the hill. Arriving at the top, he found himself on the edge of a steep cliff. Beneath this was another ledge. The road at this point could be seen for miles, stretching interminably into the distance. About half a mile away, on this road, René's startled eye caught sight of a carriage coming with tremendous speed, the coachman apparently unable to check the two horses.

"A runaway," announced Jacques, laconically.

"So it would seem," René retorted scornfully. "We must do something. But what?"

"'Tis quite obvious what will happen," said Jacques, stolidly. "The horse, reaching that bend in the ledge down there, will dash off into space, and all will be lost."

"While thou wouldst stand here and gape, I suppose. What—ah, I have it!"

Swiftly René lowered himself over the edge of the cliff, clinging to the scant shrubs, unheeding the angry cries of Jacques.

"Fool!" the latter cried. "Thou art mad!" But by this time, René had taken up his stand just above the curve. The rumble of hoofs became louder, and nearer and nearer came the two fiery horses. Breathing a silent prayer, René braced himself, and as the horses came abreast of him, caught at the dangling bridle of the nearest horse and held on. At this moment he did not seem to be a weakling; indeed the strength of his arms seemed almost superhuman. The horses pranced and leapt; the carriage swayed dangerously on the narrow ledge, but René held fast to the bridle. By degrees the horses quieted down, and René soothed them further by quiet words. Then the white and shaking coachman clambered down and approached the boy. But the artificial strength which had sustained René had ebbed away, and he lay, fainting on the road.

When he came to, he looked up into the face of a middle-aged woman. Something in her face was vaguely familiar, even in his half-conscious condition. He struggled to a sitting posture and stared fixedly at the woman, seeing that her countenance was distorted with emotion.

"Boy, boy," she faltered. "What is thy name?"

"They say," he murmured, "that it is Chantal, but it is not. I believe I am a waif, Madam, though Jacques doth say I am his child."

"And I believe thou are not! Since when hast thou had that mark upon thy neck, my boy?" she queried, leaning forward with excitement.

"Always, Madam, I—" he began, but at this point Jacques came up. The woman turned and faced him.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried. "It is she!"

"And thou art the scoundrel for whom I have searched for fourteen years! Now thou shalt pay for thy crimes!" the lady cried, with heat.

"I—I— pray thee, Madam, do not prosecute me!" Jacques cried. "I kept the boy for his own good! R—rather, I intended to bring him back, but could not find him—and you!" In his frantic attempts at explanation, Jacques was entangling himself in a maze of lies.

"Listen to me, peasant. Well dost thou deserve the guillotine for what thou hast done. But in my joy at finding my child, I will spare thee. See, however, that thou dost never show thyself near one of the Brebeaufs again! Now go!"

Then turning to the amazed boy, the lady clasped him to her bosom. With emotion, she explained that she was his mother. Graphically she drew a picture of two busy parents leaving a young child in the care of a peasant in a market of the far-off city of Paris: of their frenzied grief at finding both child and guardian gone when they returned; of fruitless searching years, while, in the meantime, the Brebeaufs had risen to enormous wealth. Then she told him of her trip to Spain, how the horses had been maddened by the intense heat, and had run away, and then of her sentiments as she recognized her own boy by the birthmark on his neck, and by seeing Jacques.

As she finished, René asked once again, "Then thou art really my mother? And I am René Brebeauf?"

"Yes, child, thou art. Now come, get into our carriage, and we will go to your father at Paris."

With a sigh of utter happiness, René helped her into the carriage, and they rolled off.

THE LARK

Margaret Huntley, '37

Can you guess what is soaring ever so high,
Sweeping up ever onward into the sky?
It's a joyous lark with free little wings,
Flitting and darting as gaily he sings.

Upward and upward ever so high
Away, far away, to the deep blue sky:
Oh, if only everyone could be so free
As the joyous lark that flies over the lea.

STAND BY!

Laura Cogswell, '35

Stand by, all stations! Stand by, all Americans!

Stand by, the Byrd Expedition!

How familiar these words are to most of us by now. They herald the coming of another broadcast by short wave, via Buenos Aires, from Little America ten thousand miles away. Impatiently we listen to the music broadcast to those fifty-six men at the bottom of the world; eagerly we listen to Captain McKinley, a member of the first expedition, as he describes conditions in Antarctica; breathlessly we turn down the volume of our radios to await the voice of Charlie Murphy saying, "Little America calling America. Charlie Murphy speaking." Then we listen to all the latest news of the men down there. We hear of new cracks in the ice; of sled, plane, and tractor journeys; of narrow and thrilling escapes; and best of all, the voice of Admiral Byrd, explorer and leader of this expedition, his second to the South Polar Regions.

The minutes fly so fast that before we know it the time is up, and Charlie Murphy is saying, "This is station K F Z returning you to civilization."

But, everything is not always so perfect. Sometimes the program fails to come through intelligibly, and a disappointed audience has to be content with the reading of wires received during the week. However, even if we don't hear it very clearly sometimes, this program is certainly worth listening to. In seventeen broadcasts, only once has this studio failed to receive any sound whatsoever from Little America.

Radio is the only connection Byrd and his men will have with civilization for a year. If anything down there should go wrong—if the barrier should give way—then to quote Admiral Byrd, "You might as well try to reach the moon as reach us."

THE TALE OF A FLIVVER

Jackson Bailey, '34

What's that snappy vehicle

With the big dent in the door?

Why, that's the class excursion bus

Of Nineteen Thirty-Four.

'Tis faithful as the one hoss shay
To those who venture in,
And there's not a word of protest though
It makes an awful din.

The car seems very-very-slow
On errands for the school;
It balks and jerks and sometimes stops,
Methinks it's like a mule.

But when upon our school-room scenes
We gladly turn our backs,
There's nothing in the whole wide world
That the old flivver lacks.

It slews around the corners and
It shimmies to and fro;
It doesn't seem as if the car
Knew how to travel slow.

It soon will meet its Waterloo,
But there's nothing I wish more
Than to have it die in the service of
The Class of Thirty-four.

A NEW DRESS

J. Hendrickson, '34

Have you ever tried selecting a pattern for a dress with the aid of the family? If you have not, take my advice and don't try it. You are immediately surrounded with the latest fashion books, and a family with very varying ideas as to how a dress should be made.

Mother turns over the pages of one book rapidly; Grandma goes more slowly: Big Sister lingers over various diaphanous creations, and you, you run back and forth among them trying to peep at all the styles at once. Mother sighs; she doesn't like any of them in this magazine. May she try another? All, willingly, give up their fashion pages, and a wild scramble to get each other's books ensues.

A gasp of pleasure is heard from Grandma. (Why that's just like a dress her friend, Julia, had when she graduated from high school! Of course the skirt might have been a little different and the trimmings a little more elaborate but the sleeves are exactly the same. Why, styles haven't changed much at all!

A breezy exclamation from Big Sister interrupts these reveries and a chic dress—"a simply suave style"—is thrust into prominence. Mother and Grandma look aghast and wonder whether these children are really sane. No mother would ever put this sophisticated gown on her naive young child. This wonder is voiced, and two young voices reply, "No, of course not, but isn't it a gorgeous dress? Imagine trailing into a 'salon' (that's what it makes you think of), garbed in this exotic creation. Wouldn't everyone gasp?"

A long lecture follows this, and finally you get down to business. The hundreds are thinned down to five or six dresses. Ah! the final decision. Father, immersed in a newspaper, emits only a smothered grunt when many voices clamor for his opinion. Brother can't see why it takes so long to pick out a dress. When he gets a new suit, he goes to a store and buys it. There's no delay like this when he buys anything!

"I want this one. No, I didn't see this one; I like it better than that, though. Do you think this would be becoming in flame-colored chiffon? Oh, I think I'll have that simple little one in Vogue—no, it's in Pictorial, I guess. Yes, that's it. Do you like it? You do? Grand!"

LUXURY

Madeline Bailey, '37

"Mumsie! What can I do?" asked the restless young daughter of Jane Tyler.

"Why, Annette, think of all the new books you got for Christmas, and Daddy just bought 'Bright Star', the new horse. Why not ride him this afternoon?"

"But, Mum! I want some excitement! travel! romance! luxury! Jumpin' Halibut! I wonder what it would be like to sail or rather glide around in velvets! See?" And she gracefully swept across the room in her plain, ordinary blue house-dress.

Then she slumped into a big old arm chair saying, "But there! What can you expect of the little one horse town of Lone River? I think——."

But she never finished the sentence; instead she gave a horrified scream. Out through the parlor window she saw two beautiful cars crash together amid the screeching of brakes and smashing of glass.

In a split second Annette was out of the door and tugging at the door of one of the overturned cars.

An elderly gentleman was crouched inside, bent over the crushed steering wheel. He had a bad cut on his forehead and his wrist was

badly bruised. With the help of an axe, she managed to get the injured man out of the car and upon the grass. Her mother brought her some bandages, and Annette bound them on the wounds. Then, when she had felt his pulse, she ran to the other car.

When she got there, she found that the occupant was moaning, but was unable to move. The victim was a young man of about twenty-five. He was soon taken to the Tyler home, and it was found that he had a broken leg.

The elder gentleman went home that afternoon, but Mrs. Tyler insisted that Don Putnam, the boy that was hurt, stay at the home-stand.

The weeks flew by and Annette and Don became close friends.

Finally Annette Tyler and the rich young Don Putnam were married, and Annette had her wish—Excitement! Travel! Romance! Luxury!

SMILING

Elizabeth Banner, '36

Smiling is a virtue,
It acts as daily bread;
It takes away the cares of Life,
And leaves joy in its stead.

For one who's always smiling,
We love to have around;
But one who's ever frowning
Will keep our spirits down.

So let us take the simple word,
To guide us every day;
Thus make the world a smiling one,
As we go on our way.

Miss Mahn: "You know what the early bird gets, don't you?"
Toomey (sleepily): "Yeah, my goat."

Miss Dudley: "Why did the prisoner swoon?"
Bo Harrigan: "Because he fainted."



LORAIN ABBOTT Commercial
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4, Art 1, 2,
Inter-class basketball 1, 2, 4, Bas-
ketball 3, "Chimes" Dramatic Ed-
itor 4, Assistant manager basket-
ball 4.

Intended Vocation — Private
Secretary.

Loraine at typing is very efficient;
Her Economics answers are al-
ways sufficient.

JULIA AYRE General Academic
Tranferred from Newton High
School, Newton, Mass.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.

Deliberate she is (Julia's her
name);

However she gets there just the
same.

JACKSON BAILEY General
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, Glee Club 1, 3,
4, "Chimes" Staff 4, Class Play
4, Tennis Manager 2.

Intended Vocation—Mechanical
Engineer.

As an actor Jack does nothing
lack,

As well he showed in "Captain
Applejack."

LOUISE BARNES Commercial
Vice-president 4, "Chimes"
Board 4, Glee Club 4.

Intended Vocation—Dietition.

Louise to our class is quite an as-
set,

You'll always find her in Cohasset.

RUTH BARNES Commercial
Glee Club 1, 4, Art 2, Inter-class
basketball 1, 2, 3.

Intended Vocation — Interior
Decorator.

Ruth is a good sport, plenty of
fun,

She never fights with anyone.

ANNE BROPHY Commercial
Inter-class basketball 1, 2, Sec-
retary of Glee Club 1, Glee Club
1, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.

Anne is rather small and slight,
In Economics she's always right.

MARION BURLEIGH General
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Inter-class
basketball 1, 2.

Intended Vocation—Office work-
er.

Marion Burleigh is quiet and small
You wouldn't know she was
around at all.

ROSEMARY BYRON Commercial
Hockey 4, Manager Girls' Basketball 4. Transferred from Concord High School.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.
Rosie's a star on the hockey field,
To her our opponents all find they
must yield.

FLORENCE CUMMINGS Commercial
Glee Club 1, 2, 4, Baseball 3.
Interclass basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.
Florence is tall as you all know
At typing she certainly isn't slow.

THOMAS CURRAN General
President of A. A. 4, Football
manager 2, Interclass basketball 4.

Intended Vocation—Teacher.
Tom is dignified as president of
the A. A.
But when not presiding, he's noisy
we'll say!

VINCENT DWYER General
Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Baseball 4,
Basketball 4, Glee Club 2, 4, Class
Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Aeronautic
Mechanic.
At football Vinnie does surely excel
He also plays basketball exceedingly
well.

ELIZABETH EASON College
Class Play 4, Interclass basketball
3, 4, French play 4, Art classes
1, 2, 3, 4.

Transferred from Brimmer
School.

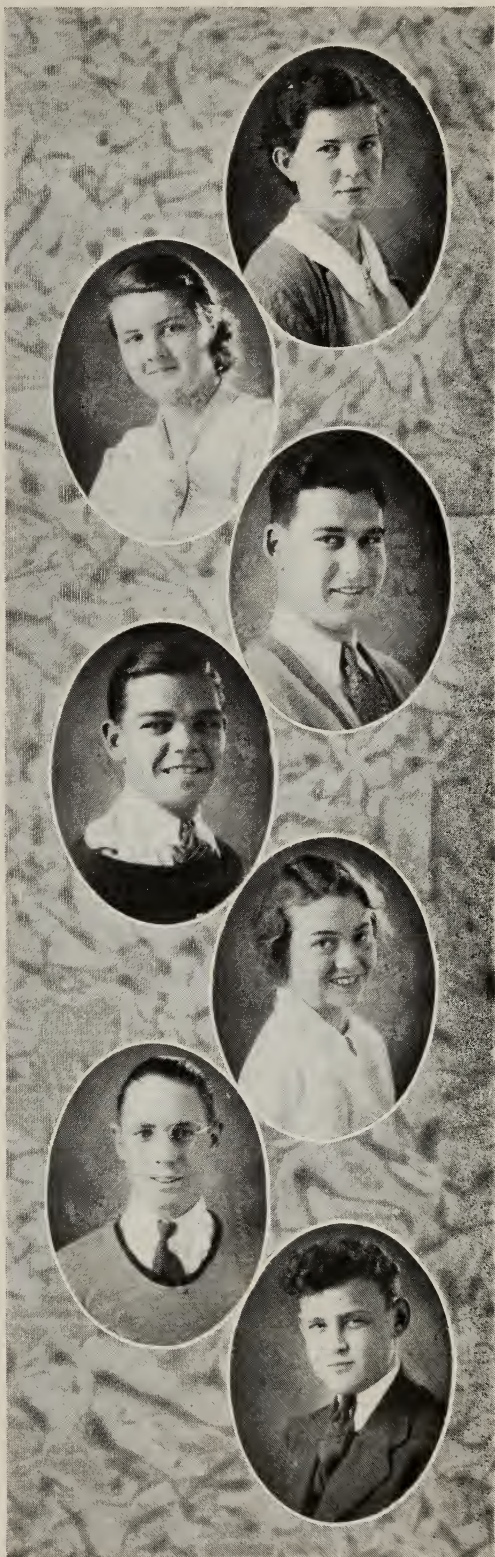
Intended Vocation—Journalist.
Betty is quiet and very demure,
She's always ready to help; that's
sure.

ARTHUR FINNIE Commercial
Glee Club 1, 2, 4, Basketball 4,
Track 4, Class play 4.

Intended Vocation—Accountant.
If his homework's not done, Arthur
will fake it,
And on the basketball floor he can
take it.

LESTER GATES College
President of Class 3, 4, Manager
of baseball 2, 3, "Chimes"
Board 3, Vice President Glee Club
3, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Orchestra 1,
2, 3, 4, Football 2, 3, 4, Class play
4, Public speaking 1.

Intended Vocation—Doctor.
If a curly-haired lad you see running
about,
'Tis Lester, our president, without
any doubt.





BEATRICE GRAHAM College
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Inter-class
basketball 1, Interclass baseball 1,
Committee for operetta 3.
Intended Vocation—Sociologist.
Bea in study hall is noisy, 'tis said,
When Mr. Riley notices, is her
face red!

LEROY GRAHAM General
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Football 1,
2, 3, 4, Class play 4, Captain of
Football Team 3.
Intended Vocation—Engineer.
Leroy thinks that you'll never go
wrong
If "You've Got To Be A Football
Hero" is your favorite song.

GARRISON HALL College
Class President 1, Class treas-
urer 3, 4, "Chimes" Board 4, Class
play 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, Glee club
2, Band 2.
Intended Vocation—Teacher.
If you can't find Garry on the first
story
He's sure to be up in the labora-
tory.

JUNE HENDRICKSON College
"Chimes" Staff 4, Interclass
basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Costume Di-
rector of Class play.
Intended Vocation—Foreign Se-
cretary.
An artist is June—and a good one
too,
There's hardly a thing that her
brush can't do.

GEORGE HERBERT General
Football 3, 4, Basketball 3, 4.
Track 2, 4, Class play 4.
Intended Vocation—Forester.
George is a very good chemistry
student,
His deliberate moves always are
prudent.

PETER JAKUBENS General
Football 3, 4.
Intended Vocation—Mechanical
Engineer.
Pete in history class is a lamb,
But out on the football field he
sure can scam.

IRENE JOHNSON College
Glee Club 4, Interclass basket-
ball 4. Transferred from Malden
High School.
Intended Vocation—Designer.
Irene's a marvel in history class;
Her lengthy answers none can
surpass.

ELEANOR MERRITT Commercial
Glee Club 1, 2.
Intended Vocation—Secretary.
Eleanor is sure to be
A typist of efficiency.

DORIS OVERLAND College
Class Secretary 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer of U. S. History club 4,
"Chimes" Staff 1, 2, 4, Class play 4.

Intended Vocation—Playwright.
Doris at Latin is a whiz,
She gets an "A" in every quiz.

HARRIETT POLAND College
Vice-president 1, 3, Vice-president of History club 4, "Chimes" board 1, 4, Glee Club 1, Interclass basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Children's Librarian.

Harriet always has her homework done,
Never less than a "B" has she won.

GERTRUDE REYNOLDS College
Glee Club 2. Transferred from Mt. St. Joseph Academy.

Intended Vocation—Supervisor of Music.

Gert is quiet but very nice,
Her French is always quite precise.

EDITH RUSSELL Commercial
Glee Club 1, 2, Interclass basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.
Idie never bothers to bustle
When Mr. Stewart says, "To the office, Miss Russell."

GERALD SCHULTZ Scientific
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4, Track 1, 2, 3, 4, Track Captain 3.

Intended Vocation—Aeronautic Engineer.

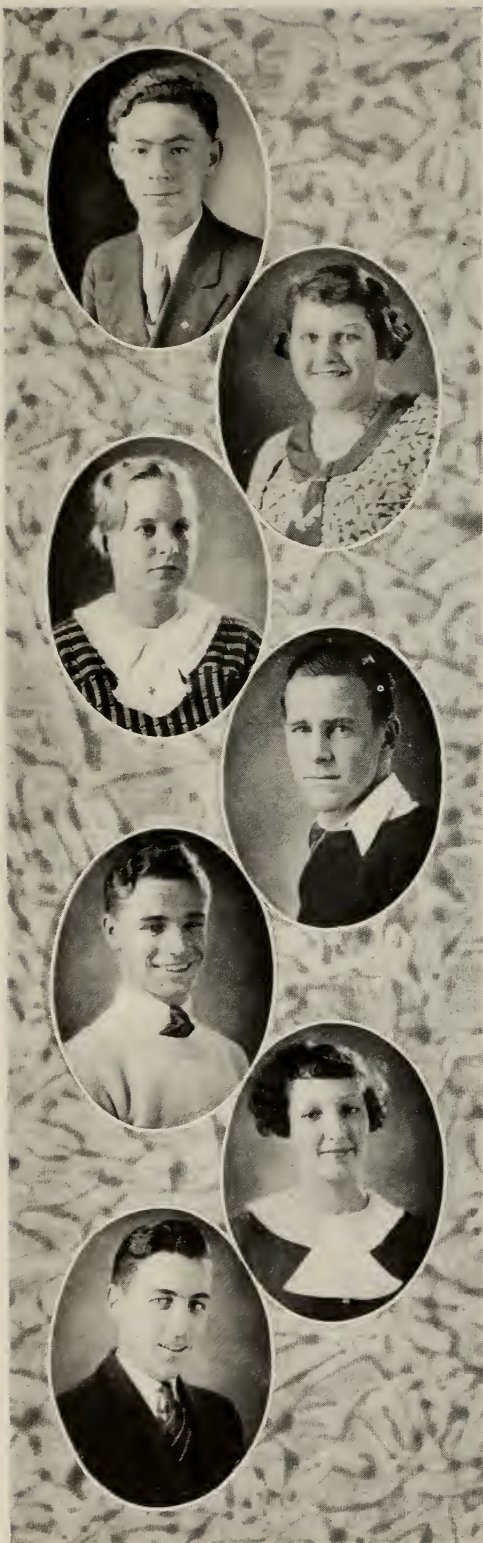
Gerald Schultz is very tall,
And how he makes the women fall!

GIERTRUG SCHUYLER General
Captain Hockey 2, Hockey 2, 3, 4, Captain basketball 4, Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary and Treasurer of Problems of American Democracy club 3, Secretary of the Athletic Association 1, Tennis team 3, "Chimes" Board 4, Track 3, Baseball 1, 2.

Intended Vocation—Teacher of Physical Education.

Babe is sure one grand athlete,
No one with her can quite compete.





RONALD SHONE College
Glee Club 1, Football 4, Stage
Manager for Class play 4, Public
speaking 1. Transferred from
Norwell High School.

Intended Vocation—Chemist.
A chemist is Ronnie destined to be.
To that our chemistry class will
agree.

DOROTHY SPEAR Commercial
Glee Club 1, 4, Baseball 2.

Intended Vocation—Musician.
Good-natured and friendly to all
is Dot;
When chewing gum, she never gets
caught.

RUTH SPEAR College
Vice-President of Class 2,
"Chimes" Staff 2, Class Play 4,
Inter-class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4,
Public Speaking contest 1.

Intended Vocation—Journalist.
Not a day for "Stub" passes dry-
ly,
She's writing themes for Mr.
Riley.

FRANCIS WILLIAM STANLEY General
Football 2, 3, 4, Baseball 2, 3,

4, Swimming 2, Basketball 4, Class
play 4, Editorial Board 4.

Intended Vocation—Electrician.
"Mike" as an athlete is supreme;
With Rosie he's always to be seen.

CHESTER STONE General
"Chimes" Staff 4, Class Treas-
urer 2, Basketball 3, 4, Football
4, Track 3, 4, Glee Club 1, 4.

Intended Vocation—Electrician.
In any mischief Chet you'll see,
The job of Joke Editor fits to a T.

DOROTHY STUDLEY General
Glee Club 1, 2, 4, Interclass bas-
ketball 1, 2 3, 4, Senior Class play
4, Hockey 2.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.
At recess at the mirror she's first
in line;
Dot Studley's nose will never
shine.

HAROLD TOOMEY Commercial
Class play 4, Glee Club 4, Foot-
ball 4, Track 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Mechanic.
Harold Toomey is quite a candy
maker
Except when he uses the pepper
shaker.

ALBERTA TURNER Commercial

Basketball 2, 3, 4, Hockey 2, 3, 4, Captain 4, Secretary of U. S. History club 4, Baseball 1, 2, 3, Glee Club 1, 4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.
Alberta is never in hurry,
But about her basketball she
needn't worry.

VIRGINIA VINES College

Class basketball 1, 2, Varsity basketball 4, Hockey 4, Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Social Service Worker.
Ginny at basketball is a star;
Her splendid record naught can
mar.

CAROL VOLLMER College

Class basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, "Chimes" Staff 2, 4. Class play 4, Manager of Girls' Hockey team 4.

Intended Vocation—Librarian.
Carol dashes from here to Mars,
A hockey manager looking for
cars.

VIRGINIA WALSH Commercial

Glee Club 1, Office Assistant 4.

Intended Vocation—Private Secretary.

Virginia knows typing from A to Z,

In the office she's always busy's a
bee.

HAROLD WITHEM General

Glee Club 1, 2, 4, Class Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Electrician.
Harold's a mysterious Zoroaster;
Of acting he really is a master.

MARION YENETCHI Commercial

Glee Club 1 2, 3, 4, Orchestra 2, 3, 4, Interclass basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.

Marion Y. at the piano does sit;
If a hair's out of place, she has a
fit.





September

With the opening of another school year we noticed many new faces among the old. The newcomers were Julia Ayre, from Newton; Rosemary and Regina Byron, from Concord; Irene Johnson, Medford; Margaret Sprague, Marshfield; Ronald Shone, Norwell; Gabriella Brown, Brighton; Henry Duval, Boston; Henry Haynes, Chicago; Virginia Keckley, Provincetown; Virginia Kent, Marshfield; Eleanor Reid, Hyde Park; Mary Sexton, South Boston; Elmer Quinn, Quincy Trade; Margaret Soule, Concord; Doris Simmons, New York; Mary Campbell, Norwell; Mattie Wheeler, Vermont; Lloyd Murray, Roxbury.

We are glad to welcome this year two new teachers, Miss Gertrude Mahn, the commercial teacher, and Mr. Edward Stewart, the athletic coach.

The election of class officers for the years 1933-34 was as follows: Seniors: president, Lester Gates; vice-president, Louise Barnes; secretary, Doris Overland; treasurer, Garrison Hall; class adviser, Miss Dudley. Juniors: president, Gilman Wilder; vice-president, Betty Bartington; secretary, John Barry; treasurer, John Stone; class adviser, Miss Mahn. Sophomores: president, Joseph Curran; vice-president, John Turner; secretary, Robert Francis; treasurer, Richard McDonald; class adviser, Mr. Riley. Freshmen: president, William McAlpine; vice-president, Lawrence Gates; secretary, Virginia Young; treasurer, Grace Reynolds; class adviser, Mr. Stewart.

The officers of the Athletic Association: President, Thomas Curran; vice-president, Regina Byron; secretary, Virginia Young; treasurer, Miss Dudley.

The captain of the football team for the season was Leroy Graham, and the manager was Julius Jacobucci. His assistant was John Barry.

The girls on the hockey team elected Alberta Turner as their captain and Carol Vollmer as manager.

October

Friday, October 6, we had our first mass meeting. Rev. Allan D. Creelman gave us a very interesting talk on teamwork. Mr. Cole, Captain Graham and Thomas Curran also addressed the student body.

Several of the Senior girls were among those serving refreshments at the Woman's Club Annual Guest Night.

October 20 we had the pleasure of hearing Colonel Schuyler speak at the mass meeting before the game with Cohasset.

November

The moving picture sponsored by the Junior class on November 21 was a great success. The pictures "Saturday's Millions" and "Tillie and Gus" were shown.

December

The football team was given a banquet at Hugo's. The boys presented Coach Stewart with a gold football. J. Burke, a sports writer from the "Brockton Enterprise," was guest speaker, and speeches were made by the senior and post-graduate members of the team and by Mr. Cole.

The week before Christmas a double quartet from the four classes sang Christmas Carols at the opening exercises. Monday the Seniors sang; Tuesday, the Freshmen; Wednesday, the Juniors; Thursday the Sophomores. Friday a Christmas assembly was held and each class provided ten minutes' entertainment.

The seniors finally selected as their play "Captain Applejack," by Walter Hackett. Mrs. Pitkin consented to be coach.

The first meeting of the newly formed Scituate-Marshfield Teachers' Association was held here December 6. The following officers were elected for the year 1933-1934: President, Mr. Michael Gillespie; vice-president, Mrs. Clara Clement; secretary-treasurer, Miss Gertrude Mahn; members of the Executive Board, Miss L. Lockhart, Mrs. E. Cole, Mr. E. Whitmore, Miss R. Gustafson, Mr. D. Randall.

A cheering squad for the basket-ball games was organized with Priscilla Jones, Regina Byron and Irving Studley as cheer leaders.

January

Miss Emma Wood presented the High School with a subscription to the "Atlantic Monthly" for the year 1934.

Mr. John E. Hines, character impersonator and play actor, presented the play "David Garrick" on the 18th. Miss Olivia Hall also entertained the school with selections on the harp. Miss Hall, though only ten years old, is very talented.

The Otis Tests of Mental Ability were given to the students of the High school.

The Senior Class presented a movie at the Satuit Playhouse on the 25th. The two pictures "S. O. S. Iceberg" with Rod La Rocque and "Horseplay" with Slim Summerville were shown.

January 30 Garrison Hall took pictures of some of the pupils in action in the chemistry laboratory.

February

At 7.45, Friday morning, February 9, the fire whistle blew 3-1-3. This signaled that there was no school because of the extreme cold weather.

Work was started on the scenery for the Senior Class play, under the direction of Mrs. Ward, Miss Barbara Coleman and Paul Quinn.

March

March 13. The Scituate-Marshfield Teachers' Association held a meeting in the library of the school. The program consisted of music by the Hall trio, a travel lecture with moving pictures, and a short talk on the Teachers' Retirement Act by Mr. Gillespie.

March 16 and 17. "Captain Applejack," the Senior Class play, was presented.

March 12. The pictures of the various athletic teams, "Chimes" Board, and Senior Class were taken in groups. Individual pictures were also taken.

Friday, March 24. Mr. Robert Ewing from the 4-H Club showed movies and gave a lecture on farm and garden work.

The date for the Junior Prom was selected as May 11.

Louise Barnes, '34

Gilman Wilder, '35

Kathryn Flaherty, '36

Dudley Wade, '37

Class Editors

Rastus and Liza visited the Central Park Zoo. Everything went well until they came to the zebras.

"What kind of a animal is dat?" demanded Liza.

For a moment Rastus didn't know what to say, for he had never seen that animal, either. Then he answered loftily, "Why, Liza, dat am a sports model mule."

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Two of the pupils of Scituate High have been "on the air." John Stone, a Junior, had the privilege of playing the piano over station WBZ, on the Junior Radio School program sponsored by the Remington Rand Typewriter Company. John says it was lots of fun, but he regretted that he wasn't able to be at home hearing himself play.

Last fall, Dorothy Spear of the Senior Class, went to the studio of station WHDH at the Hotel Touraine, where she played the harmonica. It was an interesting experience for her, and she hopes to do it again soon.

Giertrug Schuyler came within four shots of winning the National Record when she won the New England Foul Shot championship this year. She sank thirty-nine out of fifty shots, thirty of which were consecutive.

Eleanor Merritt has received a certificate in typewriting for her speedy and accurate work. Edith Russell has received an O. G. A. certificate in shorthand. We congratulate both of them.

So far, Henry Duval has attended eight schools. Better still, Irene Johnson has been to eleven schools in twelve years. Now that they are here, we hope they'll stay.

Found! At North Scituate, a girl thirteen years old who has never been but twenty miles from her home town! She has been up in the air only seventy feet—when she climbed Lawson's tower, and has been down seven feet—when she went down cellar.

We're proud of the fact that "Miss Scituate" has twice been chosen from the ranks of the Senior Class. Both Giertrug Schuyler and Marion Yenetchi have had this honor given to them.

Alice Sampson's knowledge of swimming as a Junior Life Saver has already been of great value. Last summer she saved two children from drowning. We congratulate Alice on such a fine record.

Irene Johnson has been in all but eight states of the United States. At Everglades, Miami, Florida, she watched some Seminole Indians hunt alligators. Also, she has ridden in a Good Year Tire dirigible.

On February 19, 1934, the thermometer registering 16 degrees above zero, Evelyn Stonefield, Regina Byron, Gilman Wilder and Jack Barry went swimming. And right in the midst of all the ice! For some mysterious reason, the aforesaid people became subject to numbness, chills, stiff necks, colds and various other ailments. As yet we have not been able to discover the cause, but further inquiry may explain it. However, Scituate High School is pleased to present these four people with the title "First Swimmers of 1934."

Virginia Kent had the good fortune to spend last Fourth of July at the Chicago World's Fair. According to her, this was the best Fourth of July she has ever had.

A Senior girl, Gertrude Reynolds, once found five hundred dollars in cash on the front steps of her home in Boston. The money had been placed on the steps by a woman while she tied her shoe, and she had then forgotten to take her pocketbook with her. Gert returned the money but got no reward.

Doris Simmons has certainly traveled. She has been abroad seven times. The last time she went, she visited Japan and China. Doris was very lucky in that she left China just two weeks before the greatest earthquake occurred. From China she went to Russia and thence to Germany, France, and Spain. At Madrid, Doris went to a bull fight. As she described it, "A manager assigned two men on horseback to take places in the field, and another man on foot to take his place in the center, all armed with spears. Finally the bull was let loose. The man in the center held his cloak teasingly at the bull, who, when he was within two feet of the enemy, charged. But much to his chagrin the enemy had retreated. When the man got close again, he quickly pulled the cloak from one side to the other. This made the bull very angry, and he was ready to charge again when a spear was thrust into his side, weakening him. With raging anger he fought on while the two men on horseback came to the aid of the man on foot. Two more spears were thrown, but the bull charged on and killed one of the horses. Another horse was brought in to take the place of the one lost, and so the fight continued until all the bulls were killed."

Would you like to do something very extraordinary? Then teach in a Chinese Sunday School. At least, that's what June Hendrickson does. June says that as she enters the Sunday School she is greeted by a raucous noise which sounds as though it might be music—and supposedly is—only it is sung in Chinese. After the exercises are over, a very polite young man may be sent to her, who discusses several articles in the "Reader's Digest" and ends by asking her to read "Hamlet" with him. She says that the best way to gain the whole-hearted approval of her students is to learn a few words of their language. This results in immediate friendship.

Virginia Keckley has attended school in Porto Rico. The lessons were taught in a little wooden building by teachers who spoke Spanish. All the lessons except English were taught in Spanish so that Virginia found school difficult at first. In several months, however, she could speak Spanish quite fluently.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The Scituate High football team had another successful year—losing only one league game. The team played very hard football all the year. The hardest and best game of them all was when the small Scituate team went to Quincy and held the first North Quincy eleven to eighteen points and scored one of the two touchdowns scored against North Quincy all the year. The captain of the Scituate High team was “Dunk” Graham. It was coached by a graduate of Boston College, and also a local man, Mr. “Ed” Stewart. The manager was Julius Jacobucci. Injuries to Lester Gates of a sprained ankle and to Joe Lavoine of a broken collarbone were the only mishaps during the season. Herbert Merritt, a stalwart tackle for the past two years, is captain-elect. Those who received their letters were as follows: For the line—V. Dwyer, E. Cole, L. Graham, J. Barry, R. Dwight, P. Jakubens, H. Merritt, R. Shone, J. Racksowa, H. Toomey: Backfield—E. Quinn, H. Duval, L. Gates, J. Lavoine, E. Studley, G. Wilder, G. Herbert, C. Stone; manager J. Jacobucci. Following are the scores for the season:

Scituate 6, Bourne 0

Scituate 6, Hanover 25

Scituate 6, N. Quincy 18

Scituate 25, Kingston 0

Scituate 7, Cohasset 6

Scituate 20, Marshfield 6

BASKET BALL

The team, under the leadership of our good coach, Mr. Stewart, and Captain George Herbert, played hard basket ball every minute it was on the floor. The following scores, some of which are very close, testify to that. The letter men were B. Steverman, H. Fish-



wick, V. Dwyer, E. Quinn, E. Cole, G. Herbert, F. Stanley, C. Stone, J. Barry.

Scituate 17, Norwell 18	Scituate 5, Marshfield 17
Scituate 10, Hanover 30	Scituate 22, Duxbury 34
Scituate 16, Marshfield 24	Scituate 21, Pembroke 18
Scituate 12, Duxbury 21	Scituate 38, Kingston 14
Scituate 17, Kingston 8	Scituate 35, Alumni 17
Scituate 10, Hanover 46	

BASE BALL

Base ball started April 1, and the outlook was for a good season with only three of last year's team gone and some new material to fill their places. The letter men returning are E. Studley, F. Stanley, C. Connolly, H. Merritt, W. Steverman, and J. Lavoine.

FRANCIS STANLEY, '34

Boys' Athletic Editor

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

This year's basketball season proved to be a great success, thanks to Miss Whidden. With practically the same team as that of last year, the girls found little competition during the season. The first team consisted of Captain "Babe" Schuyler, Evelyn Stonefield, Virginia Vines, Alice Stewart, Eileen Newhausel, and Alberta Turner. Others receiving letters were Manager Rosemary Byron, Lois McCleary, Ethel Pennell, Virginia Young, Ruth Stonefield, Rosalie Creelman and Peggy Soule. They won all the league games, and beat Hanover on the Scituate floor but lost on the Hanover floor. This gave to the 1934 team the much-coveted South Shore Championship. This is the first time Scituate has held the championship since it was won by the team of 1928, which was captained by Gretchen Schuyler.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate 40, Norwell 19	Scituate 36, Alumni 25
Scituate 40, Hanover 27	Scituate 38, Pembroke 12
Scituate 38, Marshfield 19	Scituate 34, Hanover 45
Scituate 48, Duxbury 31	Scituate 49, Marshfield 17
Scituate 59, Norwell 32	Scituate 45, Duxbury 24

HOCKEY

Beginning their third year of hockey under the able direction of Miss Ruth Whidden, the girls showed a decided improvement.



They defeated Braintree, Plymouth and Hanover, and tied Hingham twice and Marshfield once. They were defeated by Marshfield on the return game only after their star full back, Rosemary Byron, was injured and taken from the game. Those receiving letters were as follows: Captain Alberta Turner, Manager Carol Vollmer, Priscilla Jones, Regina Byron, Evelyn Stonefield, Jane Pitkin, Betty Bartington, Giertrug Schuyler, Rosemary Byron, Virginia Young, Virginia Vines, and Virginia Stevens.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate 1, Braintree 0	Scituate 0, Hingham 0
Scituate 2, Marshfield 2	Scituate 0, Marshfield 1
Scituate 2, Plymouth 0	Scituate 4, Hanover 0
Scituate 1, Hingham 1	Scituate 1, Waltham 0

At the end of their season the girls ventured to Newton to participate in the high school tournament in which all the Greater Boston teams were entered. Scituate was matched against Waltham and defeated them one to nothing.

GIERTRUG SCHUYLER, '34

Girls' Athletic Editor

Mike: "You know that wasn't the kind of liniment I told you to get."

Gates: "Well, you don't need to rub it in."

Mr. Gillespie: "Now, Miss Neuhausal, what is another name for H₂O?"

Eileen: "Hydrogen oxide."

Mr. Gillespie: "I like original work."

Peddler: "Would you like to buy a hooked rug, Madam?"

Lady of the House: "Sir, don't try to sell me any stolen goods!"

Young bride: "I want a piece of meat without gristle, bone, or fat."

Butcher: "Lady, you don't want any meat—you want an egg."

Nervous lady (about to get off trolley car): "Which end of the car do I get off, conductor?"

Conductor: "It doesn't matter, lady. Both ends are going to stop."



The play, "Captain Applejack," given by the "Class of '34" will go down in the history of the school as one of the most outstanding of the plays produced here. This unusual success was due in no small way to the exceptional coaching ability of Mrs. Donald Pitkin.

The players showed marked ability in being able to put over such a difficult performance. The actors and actresses were as follows:

Lush	Garrison Hall
Poppy Faire	Elizabeth Eason
Mrs. Agatha Whatcombe	Doris Overland
Ambrose Applejohn	Jackson Bailey
Anna Valeska	Dorothy Studley
Mrs. Pengard	Ruth Spear
Horace Pengard	Harold Withem
Ivan Borolsky	Lester Gates
Palmer	Carol Vollmer
Dennet	Vincent Dwyer
Johnny Jason	Harold Toomey
Pirates:—F. Stanley, G. Herbert, L. Graham, A. Finnie, I. Lincoln, E. Studley, M. Poland.	

Act I. The Adventure. Act II. The Dream. Act III. The Romance.

The scene of the play was laid in the library of Ambrose Applejohn's house at Polperren, Cornwell.

We have the following people to thank for our excellent scenery: Mrs. Ward, Mr. Paul Quinn, Miss Barbara Coleman, and Mr. Riley. Miss June Hendrickson and Miss Harriet Poland did very fine work with the costumes with the help of Miss MacFarlane. Mr. Ronald Shone proved himself an efficient stage manager. He also assisted Mr. Arnold Weeks, who kindly did the lighting effects for us.



At Christmas the members of the Senior French Class gave a scene in French from "Little Women." The dramatization was written by the members of the class themselves. Those who took part were as follows:

Hannah, Gertrude Reynolds; Mother, Ruth Spear; Meg, Harriet Poland; Jo, Carol Vollmer; Beth, June Hendrickson; Amy, Elizabeth Eason.

The remainder of the Christmas program was as follows:

"A Christmas Story," Doris Overland; "Cantique de Noel," Junior Double Mixed Quartet; "Why the Chimes Rang," Marion Appleton; "Celebrating Christmas in the Country," Katherine Flaherty; Christmas Story, Miriam Smith; Spanish Song, Virginia Keckley; The History of the Christmas Carols, John Sexton, Virginia Young and Hugh Walsh. Pianologue, Eleanor Reid.

On January 18, Mr. John E. Hines, character impersonator and play-actor, presented "David Garrick" or "On My Honor as an Actor." Mr. Hines is certainly a talented impersonator.

LORAINA ABBOTT, '34

Dramatic Editor

Lush: "Did you say you wanted your egg turned over, sir?"

Captain Applejack: "Yes, turned over to the Museum of Natural History."



CLASS OF 1933

Winifred Bartington has recently finished a course at the Burroughs School.

Eugene MacDonald is enlisted in the marines. At present he is stationed at Haiti.

Marguerite McCaffrey is taking a Social Service course at Simmons College.

Ellen Merritt has completed a course at the Burroughs School.

Lloyd Merritt is working for his father.

Charles Schultz is employed by his father.

Virginia Bonney, Dorothy Merrill, Morris Poland, William Ford Jr., and Charles Jenkins are post-graduates at Scituate High.

Mary Sweeney is attending Sargent College. We are pleased to hear that she has been elected vice-president of her class.

Eleanor Sylvester has a position as operator at the Scituate Telephone Exchange.

Leola Taylor is working at the tailor shop at the Harbor.

Allan Webster has completed a course at Massachusetts State Radio School.

Churchill Webster is working for his father.

Paul Young has a position at Whittaker's Garage.

CLASS OF 1932

Robert Breen is working for his father.

Virginia Cole is employed by the New England Mutual Insurance Company.

Charles Coleman has been working for Mr. Charles Wagner. He is planning to enter Oberlin College in September.

Fred Dorr is taking a course at Bryant and Stratton Commercial School.

Maynard Huntley is attending Wentworth Institute.

Renie Jacobucci is working for the Whiting Milk Co. at Watertown.

John Jakubens is working for his father.

Bernadette Lavoine is employed at the Town Hall by the selectmen.

John Lonergan works at the Atlantic and Pacific stores.

Carleton Merritt is attending Northeastern University.

Stanley Murphy is a student at Springfield College.

Donald Parsons is attending the University of North Carolina.

Marion Perry is now Mrs. Gordon Charlton.

Burchill Sweeney is a student at Boston College.

Hollis Young is employed by his father.

CLASS OF 1931

Dwight Agnew is working for the Hingham Water Company.

Frances Alexander is in training at the Children's Hospital in Boston.

Ellen Bailey is a sophomore at Bates College, Maine.

Clifford Blanchard has completed a course at Wentworth Institute and now has a position at Seavern's Store, North Scituate.

Mildred Bresnahan is employed by Mr. John McJennett at the Scituate Co-operative Bank.

Selwyn Chipman attended the University of Maine for two years. He now has a position at Chipman's Market, North Scituate.

Ruth Damon is now Mrs. John Smith.

Priscilla Dunbar is now Mrs. George Dwight.

Frederick Gosewisch is employed at Henry Bearce's grocery store.

Marjorie Hill is a student of the Designer's Art School.

Dorothy Knox is now Mrs. Harold Dwyer.

George Lowell is a junior at Colby College.

Roxanna McAlpine is training to be a nurse.

Dorothy MacDonald works for the tax collector at the Town Hall.

Jeanette Nichols is now Mrs. Elmer Hollis.

Harriet Pierce graduated from Miss Farmer's School of Cookery.

Virginia Poland graduated from the School of Domestic Science and now has a position at Hanover.

John Quinn works at the First National Store at the Harbor.

Arthur Spear is a sophomore at Colby College.

Alden Torrey studied at Northeastern University. He now has positions at Pratt's Market and at The Sunny Store, North Scituate.

CHARLES JENKINS, '33

Alumni Editor

Bradlee (to usher): "What is the price of seats?"

Usher: "Front seats 35c, back seats 25c, programs a penny."

Bradlee: "I guess I'll sit on a program."



"Link": "How did you break your leg?"

Bradlee: "I threw my cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."

Innocence

Mr. Cole: "Who threw a silver dollar across the Potomac River?—Harrigan."

Bo Harrigan: "I didn't do it, Sir."

Wilder: "Do you play anything by request?"

Gates: "Certainly, Sir."

Wilder: "Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes until I've finished my lunch."

Mr. Riley: "You are invited to join the ninth period classes."

Julie: "I've got to go home tonight."

Mr. Riley: "Oh, you'll get home—tonight."

Barry to Regina: "I'd go through fire or water or anything for you.—I'll be over tonight if it doesn't rain."

Officer: "Do you realize you were speeding?"

Lincoln: "Yes, Sir."

Officer: "What is your name?"

Lincoln: "Isaiah, what is yours?"

June: "How did you get that bump on your head?"

Gates: "Playing the saxophone."

June: "In front of someone's house?"

Gates: "No, in front of the trombone player."

Making yourself the star basketball player is not climbing the ladder of success. It's taking the elevator.

There are many gasoline-saving devices on the market. A pair of comfortable shoes is the best.

Mike: "I'm thinking of asking some girl to marry me. What do you think of the idea?"

Rosie: "It's a great idea if you ask me."

FANCY!

A good report card
"Garry" where he's supposed to be
"Injun" without her war paint
Mr. Stewart not saving, "Three o'clock"
"Babe" not making baskets
Juniors with their Latin done
"Tom" Curran without his pretty hair
Dorothy Ann being tall
"Knoxie" not talking about Cohasset
"Susie" Gates not full of business
"Tuggles" not making touchdowns
A quiet lunch hour
Lois not writing notes
Miss Dudley forgetting the word lists
"Chet" not grinning
"Mike" not talking to Rosie
Doris not writing poems
"Babe" without a sweater
"Pete" arriving on time
Dot losing her voice
Mr. Gillespie teaching art
Irene not talking about Arizona

Miss Mahn: "Do you surround yourself with the people you love?"

Schultz: "Yes, the walls of every room in my apartment are lined with mirrors."

Chet: "I'm putting all my wisdom into my next book."

Miss Dudley: "Oh, so you are writing a short, short story."

She: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Gates: "No, I don't believe they did."

She: "Then where did you get the idea?"

Wilder: "Do you think Mr. Gillespie meant anything by it?"

Evie: "By what?"

Wilder: "He advertised a lecture on 'Fools'. I bought a ticket and it said 'Admit One'."

"When they take our girls away from co-educational institutions," asked Mr. Cole, "what will follow? I repeat, what will follow?"

After a pause Schultz replied in a resolute voice, "I will!"

S. H. S. SONG HITS

Skippy '34—Jerry '34

"I'm Going to Pieces"—Bailey's Ford

"Heading for the Last Round-Up"—Seniors going to the final exams

"Starlight"—Coming home from Mr. Riley's night school

"Mississippi Basin"—Boys' shower room

"It Was Only a Paper Moon"—Senior class scenery

"You're Such a Comfort to Me"—Signal for no school

"Boulevard of Broken Dreams"—Unforbidden strolls in the corridor

"When We Build a Little Home"—Mike and Rosie

"Lullaby Lady"—Dot Gillis

"I Want You, I Need You"—Brains

"Marching Home With the Dawn"—Lester Gates

"Little Shack in the Mountains"—Wilder's "Seldom Inn"

"Stop That Putting It On"—Mr. Gillespie with his homework assignments

"Moonlight Waltz"—Junior Prom

"Wonder Bar"—the cafeteria

"Melody in Spring"—High School orchestra

"An Orchid to You"—Captain Applejack

"We're in the Money"—Seniors after "Applejack"

"Fooling Around"—Doris Simmons

"Paradise"—Recess

Regina Byron, '36—Chester Stone, '34, Joke Editors

... *Autographs* ...

... *Autographs* ...

FRONT STREET
SALES & SERVICE CO.

FORD AGENCY

Front Street

Scituate

Scituate, Mass.

Tel. 212-W

Telephone 98

SATUIT GARAGE

Brook Street

HARBOR SHOE
REPAIRING SHOP

FIRST-CLASS WORK

LEVINE COMPANY

DRY GOODS

SCITUATE

MASS.

GEORGE T. OTIS

QUALITY MEATS AND

PROVISIONS

Delivery Service

Telephone 333 and 334

SIDNEY GATES

CLOTHING AND DRY

GOODS STORE

North Scituate

Tel. Scit. 8477

GREENBUSH
FILLING STATION

JOHN A. RUSSELL, Prop.

AUTO SUPPLIES AND
ACCESSORIES

Greenbush, Mass.

Tel. 583-M

NATION-WIDE
GROCER

Fruit and Vegetables

F. A. MORSE, Prop.

Sand Hills

Warren Kay Vantine
Studio
Incorporated



Official Photographer
for
Scituate High
School
1933 - 1934



160 Boylston St., Boston
Hancock 0743-0744

FRATERNITY, COLLEGE AND
CLASS JEWELRY

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

INVITATIONS — DIPLOMAS

Jeweler to the Senior Class of Scituate High School

L. G. Balfour Company

Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

J. EDWARD HARNEY

PLUMBER

Universal Gas Ranges

Scituate, Mass.

Tel. Con.

SCITUATE

GREENHOUSES

Tel. 284

SCITUATE

MASS.

CHESTER F. SPEAR

CONTRACTOR

AND BUILDER

Scituate, Mass.

Tel. 576-W

SCITUATE

HARDWARE CO.

RADIO SERVICE

Front Street Scituate Harbor

Opp. Post Office

Telephone Scituate 649-W

SCITUATE

YACHT YARD

MARINE RAILWAY

Yacht Building, Storing, Repairing

G. F. WARREN

Front Street

Scituate Harbor

SCITUATE HOME FOR

ELDERLY PEOPLE



LARGE, SUNNY ROOMS

REASONABLE RATES

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

Co-operating with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

- Civil Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering
- Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

- Accounting
- Banking and Finance
- Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine technical theory with the equivalent of two years of practical experience, and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

For catalog or any further information write to: ..

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SCITUATE
POLICE
DEPARTMENT

TOWN
OF
SCITUATE

A FRIEND

J. A. WARD

Dealer in
OYSTERS, CLAMS, LOBSTERS
FRESH AND SALTED FISH
Scituate Harbor, Mass.

HIGH SCHOOL
CAFETERIA

STUDENTS' LUNCHES
SERVED DAILY

SATUIT
PLAYHOUSE

THE SCITUATE HERALD

A Weekly Visitor In Your Home For Over Half A Century

Has All The News of the South Shore
Bigger and Better Than Ever **\$1.50 Per Year**
FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO.

Rockland, Mass.

Tel. Rockland 113

Printing Plant Connected

Reasonable Prices.—Quick Service

Printers of The "Chimes"

PRATT'S MARKET

GROCERIES - PROVISIONS
AND FRUIT

Beef, Lamb, Poultry a Specialty

North Scituate, Mass.

Tel. Scit. 40 Tel. Cohasset 350

WILLIAM M. WADE

INSURANCE
OF ALL KINDS

Scituate Harbor

Phone 975

DR.

WILLIS B. PARSONS

DENTIST

SCITUATE - MASS.

SCITUATE HARBOR

TAILOR & CLEANSING

Tel. Scituate 1064-W

Compliments of

Hugo

Edward P. Breen

Landscape Contractor



Minot
Massachusetts

The
Welch Company
INC.

Front St., Scituate Harbor

A Complete New Stock of

**BUILDING
SUPPLIES**



LUMBER — PAINTS — HARDWARE
MASONS' SUPPLIES — COAL & WOOD

Prices Are Rapidly Advancing
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY